

THE GREAT WAR

AUGUST 1914 - NOVEMBER 1918

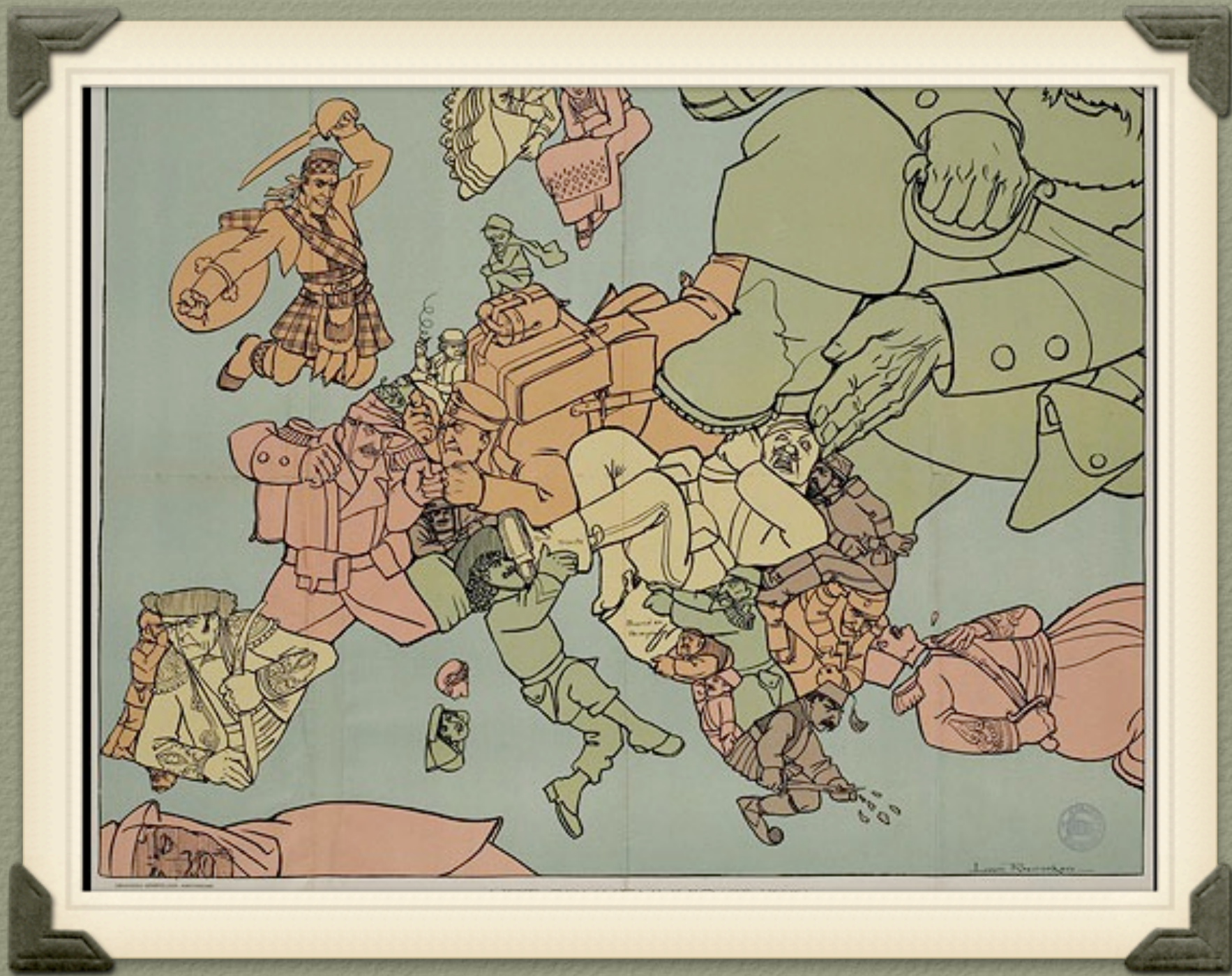
SAINT JOHN, NB

- Recruiting of soldiers was not difficult in the Summer and Fall of 1914





CANADA'S ANSWER



THE VOLUNTEER - ROBERT SERVICE

Sez I: My Country calls? Well, let it call.

I grins perlately and declines wiv thanks.
Go, let 'em plaster every blighted wall,
'Ere's ONE they don't stampede into the
ranks.
Them politicians with their greasy ways;
Them empire-grabbers -- fight for 'em? No
fear!
I've seen this mess a-comin' from the days
Of Algyserious and Aggydear:
I've felt me passion rise and swell,
But . . . wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?



THE VOLUNTEER - ROBERT SERVICE

Sez I: If they would do the decent thing,

And shield the missis and the little 'uns,
Why, even I might shout "God save the
King",

And face the chances of them 'ungry
guns.

But we've got three, another on the way;
It's that wot makes me snarl and set me
jor:

The wife and nippers, wot of 'em, I say,
If I gets knocked out in this blasted war?
Gets proper busted by a shell,
But . . . wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the

'ell?



THE VOLUNTEER - ROBERT SERVICE

Ay, wot the 'ell's the use of all this talk?

To-day some boys in blue was passin'
me,
And some of 'em they 'ad no legs to walk,
And some of 'em they 'ad no eyes to
see.
And -- well, I couldn't look 'em in the face,
And so I'm goin', goin' to declare
I'm under forty-one and take me place
To face the music with the bunch out
there.

A fool, you say! Maybe you're right.
I'll 'ave no peace unless I fight.
I've ceased to think; I only know
I've gotta go, Bill, gotta go.



WHAT IS THE RECRUITMENT STRATEGY?



THE SOLDIER, RUPERT BROOKE, 1914

- If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a
foreign field

That is for ever England. There
shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust
concealed;

A dust whom England bore,
shaped, made aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love,
her ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing
English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by
suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed
away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the
thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams
happy as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and
gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an
English heaven.

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A COMMON EXPRESSION IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE...

- *Dulce et decorum est
pro patria
mori*
- *It is glorious
and
honourable
to die for
one's country*